

HIS PROOF
OF COURAGE.

(Original.)
"No, Phil," said Stella Hopkins to Philip Woodsum; "you are too prosaic. Now, if you would only knock some one down—some one who had insulted me."

"But no one has insulted you."
"Some one might, then what would I do for a protector?"

Phil left her much depressed, and when a man is depressed about his love affairs it either takes away his appetite or makes him hungry. It made Phil hungry. He started for a restaurant, picking up his friend Sidney Searle by the way, to whom he told his troubles. Searle told him that the proper thing for him to do under the circumstances was to find some means of showing his prowess. The friends went into a cafe and ordered a brace of chops and a toby of ale for each. At a table near by were several young men in evening dress regaling themselves with oysters and champagne.

"Phil," said Sidney, "that fellow with a molasses candy mustache is staring at you."

"What do you think I'd better do?"
"Go up to him and tell him that you'll give him a chance to stare at you over the muzzle of a pistol."

Phil reluctantly dragged himself from his chair and went through the required performance. Cards were exchanged, the offender's pasteurized bearing the name of Harold Littlefield. He explained that he thought Phil was an acquaintance of his, but the explanation was not accepted, and Sidney took it upon himself to arrange for a meeting. The principals were to fight at 6 o'clock the next morning at a lonely spot a few miles out of town on the bank of the river.

Phil went home and to bed, first setting his alarm clock. He went to sleep at 3 o'clock, and the alarm went off at 4. It is hard to conceive of anything more uncomfortable than being awakened before daylight by a rasping sound to the consciousness of having to go out in the raw air to be shot at. Phil got up languidly, dressed himself slowly and started for the dueling ground. The nearer he approached it the weaker grew his resolution. The result was that 6 o'clock found him half a mile from the appointed spot sitting on a log, looking very disconsolate.

Then he was seized with a curiosity to go and, unobserved, take a look at the place and see how his friend and his enemy took his absence. So he got up and trudged on, stopping at a place where he could overlook the field from behind a tree. He saw the two seconds walking back and forth to keep off the morning chill, but there was not a principal in sight. It occurred to Phil that Harold Littlefield was as averse to being shot as himself. Here was the chance of a lifetime. Phil determined to hurry down to the seconds, running up by the way an excuse for being late, and bluster about the absence of the man who had agreed to fight him.

Mr. Littlefield had suffered the same disinclination as Phil to having the warm blood let out of his body on a cold morning. He had halted in a wood on the side of the field opposite to where Phil was in hiding and, seeing that his enemy had not appeared, resolved to go down and claim a victory by default. By a curious coincidence in time the two men started forward at the same moment. Unfortunately they caught sight of each other when it was too late to retreat. Both stopped and stared. Both half turned as if to flee, then simultaneously dragged themselves forward.

The seconds looked at them sternly and asked the cause of their delay. Both gave very lame excuses, but so long as they were there to shoot each other the rest was unimportant. The seconds proceeded to get all in readiness, paring off the ground and looking to the condition of the weapons.

"What's the distance?" faltered Phil in a whisper to Sidney.

"Twenty paces," replied his second.

"Can't you make it forty?"
"I'll see."

Sidney marched up to the opposing second and asked the wishes of his principal as the challenged party concerning the distance.

"My principal says sixty paces," replied the second.

Sidney went back to Phil and reported the result.

"Try for eighty," said Phil.

"Eighty? Nonsense!"
Phil insisted, and Sidney went back and succeeded in arranging for eighty paces on the ground that his man was delighted. The men were placed in position, and Sidney was about to give the signal for firing when a clatter of horse's hoofs was heard on the road behind the rise from which Phil had started to claim a bloodless victory.

The next minute a girl on horseback appeared over the rise and, seeing the men in position to shoot at each other, gave a shriek. Riding between them, she drove rain. She was Stella Hopkins.

It was impossible that the duel should proceed. Phil threw down his pistol as Stella greatly aggravated, the opposing parties looked relieved, while Sidney Searle turned his back and smiled. No one ever knew how Miss Hopkins became aware of the intended meeting except herself and Mr. Searle, and he would not tell because he was by her convenience. After the principals had left the field he discovered one of the pistols at a tree eight paces distant and found the ball on the ground at the foot of the tree.

Mrs. Woodsum has always declared that she rejoiced at having proved her husband's courage before marriage though she risked two lives.

CHANCEY WARDWELL.

Elisk Eyes.
Milkmaid—It is said that aggressive, sensitive people usually have black eyes. Blackie—That's right. If they don't get them at first they get them later.—Exchange.

JAPAN PUTS
UP THE BARSDetermined to Prevent All
Emigration

UNWELCOME TO COUNTRY

Hayashi Outlines Plan—Will Stop Use of Hawaii and Mexico as Entering Wedges—No More Laborers in Guise of Students.

Tokio, Jan. 22.—Viscount Hayashi Japanese minister of foreign affairs in an interview yesterday made a statement concerning the emigration question which may be considered as an official declaration of the attitude of the government—it having been prepared for publication in Japan, anticipating a similar statement in the Diet. Minister Hayashi said:

"The government of Japan is determined to investigate the personal standing of those that go to America as students, requiring two sureties before they leave. The government realizes that the emigration of laborers pretending to be students is liable to be embarrassing to America, and, therefore, we are determined to prevent the emigration of laborers."

"While the proposed restrictions may be embarrassing to real students, all legal restrictions will be made alike because one dishonest person may embarrass many who are honest."

"Although the negotiations with America have not yet been concluded, I may make the definite statement as minister of foreign affairs, that the rumors which have been circulated to the effect that any important question is pending between America and Japan is a fabrication originating in a certain section of the United States."

"Should emigration to Hawaii not be prevented entirely, the minister of foreign affairs will not hesitate to entirely prohibit Japanese emigration to those sections. The foreign office intends to prohibit emigration to Mexico. Those who desire to send emigrants to Mexico will be regarded as assisting emigrants to enter the United States through the frontier, and therefore they will be treated as lawbreakers."

"Resolutions condemning the government's attitude as unfair because we have adopted a definite policy, and any agitation on our part, will intensify suspicion in the United States and result to our disadvantage. The consideration of our commercial interests would justify our policy in regard to foreign relations. Its misconception by politicians is disadvantageous to our state. Our present policy is fully justified from the standpoint of the fundamental principles of international relations."

DUMA A UNIT AGAINST
NEW NAVAL PROGRAMME.

Leaders of All Parties Agree, and Appropriation Unlikely.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 22.—The Duma yesterday resumed its sitting. There was hardly a quorum present.

The dominant topic of conversation among the members was the new naval programme, which the leading men in all parties unite in attacking. Vladimir Purishkevich, monarchist, declared in an interview that he would not vote a penny for the navy so long as the present system of the Admiralty remained unchanged. This conservative change of front is difficult to explain, but it is reported to be due to the inspiration of the cabinet, which is secretly opposed to a big naval programme at the present time.

A second significant feature is a split among the Reactionaries, due to M. Purishkevich's negotiations with the Octoberists "bloc."

"JOHN VI" OF FRANCE
HOLDS ANNUAL COURT

Death of Louis XVI is Commemorated by Mass.

Paris, Jan. 22.—The annual mass commemorating the death of Jan. 21, 1793, of Louis XVI, at the Church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, was the occasion yesterday for the usual manifestation by a small group of royalists and clericals.

In accordance with the old custom, "John IV," as the present "king," who is a vice merchant, styles himself, held a miniature court after the mass and received the homage of his survivors. The authorities of Paris no longer pay any attention to this annual comedy.

TRIAL OF NUNZIO NASI
IS RESUMED AT ROME

Case Does Not Bring Further Disorder in Sicily.

Rome, Jan. 22.—The trial of Nunzio Nasi, former minister of public instruction, on the charge of fraudulently securing \$200,000 from the state treasury was resumed yesterday afternoon before the Italian Senate sitting as a high court.

The resumption of the trial has not yet been followed by any disorders in Sicily.

NINE KILLED IN
WRECK AT MILAN.

Carcano, Minister of Treasury, and Several Senators Were Not Hurt.

Milan, Jan. 22.—A triple collision took place last night at the Anghella bridge outside Milan. An express crashed into a train that was standing on the track and another train came up and ploughed into the wreckage. Nine persons were killed and 40 were seriously injured.

Sigier Carcano, minister of the treasury, and several senators were on board the express, but were not hurt.

TAKES A BRIDE OF 26
AT THE AGE OF 137

December and May Romance Has Come to Light in Gotham; Aged Negro Groom; His Father Was 142.

New York, Jan. 22.—And old darkey, walking with a cane entered the marriage license bureau at City hall with a dusky maiden clinging to his arm. He made application for a license.

"Name, please?" said the clerk.

"William Brooks Mason," answered the negro.

"Age?"
"One hundred and thirty-seven years old last March," was the reply.

The clerk dropped his pen in astonishment. The negro hastened to explain: "I am telling you the truth, sir; nothing but the truth. I have lived nearly 137 years, and I expect to live a great many years more, else I would not be taking this young woman as a wife."

"Why I can remember back to the day I held George Washington's horse for him at Yorktown while he was talking to Gen. Wallace. I was 13 years old then. Gen. Washington tossed me a picture for a tip."

The clerk proceeded to make out the license. The prospective bride said she was Ella Haynes, 26, of No. 68 West One Hundred and Thirty-third street.

After securing the license Mason and Miss Haynes were taken to the office of Alderman James J. Smith, who performed the ceremony.

In speaking of his family he said: "My father lived to be 142 years old and his father lived to be 143. My mother was 139 years old when she died. My great-grandfather married an Indian, who lived to be more the 100."

W. C. T. U. SPACE.

This space belongs to the Womans' Christian Temperance Union. They are responsible for this space.

A Fighting Church and a Mighty Foe.

The world still needs a militant church. It still needs a living, virile Christianity. But if there were no other, there is such need in a single direction, in this our land, as to call into exercise every element of strength possessed and to inspire to as high and to as consecrated service as the church has ever rendered.

Indeed, an off-repeated challenge lies now at its feet. Unless it runs away, there is fighting to be done.

The foe is the organized liquor traffic of America. It is an enemy well worth while. It has great wealth. It is adroit and cunning. It is resourceful. It touches the financial interests of many men. It is desperate. It observes no law, human or divine. It violates legislative enactments and tramples upon the most solemn constitutional prohibitions.

The rules of civilized warfare are to it a meaningless juggle of idle words. It spares neither age nor sex. Its banner is a black flag. It is an outlaw. Its god is mammon. It has no religion but the greed of gain. No love that the lust of gold does not corrupt. No pity that avarice does not strangle. It is marshaling its forces for a conflict the impact of which will shake the land.

The Christian church of America must meet it or run away, and it cannot run away. Its splendid militant past, prelude that. It must stay. It must fight. And it will stay, ay, it will stay, and it will fight—not one but a hundred battles before it yields or flees the field.

If it fights, it will need men—men of moral fiber, of sound judgment, and of exalted, inflexible purpose.—Governor Hanley.

THE KAISER SURPRISES
GUESTS AT SON'S BALL.

Leaves Berlin Secretly to Pay Visit to Kiel.

Berlin, Jan. 22.—Emperor William paid a surprise visit to Kiel Monday night and attended a masked ball which was given by Prince Adolphus, one of his sons. His majesty left Berlin on the royal train without announcing where he was going.

His majesty entered the ball room wearing a domino. When this was taken off he was revealed clad in the brilliant uniform of the grand elector of Brandenburg.

FRENCH WOMEN SEEKING
THE BALLOT PRIVILEGE

50,000 Sign a Petition in Favor of Female Suffrage.

Paris, Jan. 22.—A petition in favor of female suffrage in France has been signed by 50,000 French women.

The Universal
Staple.Strengthening food for the
weakest digestion.Nourishing food for the
strongest digestion.Good for the babies—good
for all ages—the most nutritious of all the wheat foods.

Uneeda Biscuit

5¢ In moisture and
dust proof packages.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

RUEF'S TRIAL SET FOR JAN. 28.

He Will Be Prosecuted on 117 Indictments.

San Francisco, Jan. 22.—When the cases of Patrick Calhoun, Tiley J. Ford, Tuomwell Mullally, Eugene E. Schmitz and Abraham Ruef, for the alleged bribery of supervisors to grant a trolley franchise to the United Railway came before Superior Judge Lawlor yesterday, District Attorney Langdon asked that all the cases be continued until Jan. 28, and announced that on that day he would proceed with the trial of Abraham Ruef, George B. Keale, who represented Ruef, asked for two or three weeks' time that Ruef might obtain counsel and prepare his case, Judge Lawlor declined to give Ruef more than two days to procure counsel. Ruef, it is disclosed, was granted immunity provided he testified for the state against other defendants. He failed to keep his word, and the state now purposes to prosecute him on 117 indictments.

BRITISH LABOR PARTY
REPUDIATES SOCIALISM

Proposed Amendment to Constitution Is Rejected by a Large Majority.

Hull, England, Jan. 22.—The Labor party held a conference here yesterday at which an amendment to the constitution, binding the party to Socialism, was rejected by a large majority.

Today's Suggestion by Ellen Stan.

ONE PIECE STUDIO APRONS POPULAR.

SINCE studio life has become so popular the aprons used by artists have come into prominence, and they are quite as much worn in the home as in the studio. To the majority of girls these aprons are really becoming. They make an attractive picture standing at the baking table or dusting about the house completely covered by these long, loose aprons of linen or chambray.

It is astonishing how much longer a shirt waist will keep clean and fresh when not exposed while working. Besides, these aprons are so easily slipped on and off that one is put to no inconvenience by wearing them. Before cutting the material see that the pattern is plenty long to fully cover the skirt and allow for the hem. If the material has not been previously shrunk, this should also be allowed for. The extra length may be taken up by a tuck placed just above the hem.

Lightweight materials in dark colors are quite as much used for these aprons as are cotton and linen materials. They are more expensive in the beginning, but will outwear several of the latter. They seldom require laundering, as the material sheds dust and dirt.

When selecting fabrics for such an apron, remember stripes are to the fore, which is an especial boon to those who are inclined to be short or stout. Pinks and checks are only a degree less popular and are more becoming to slender figures. Never buy a dark, muddy looking material with the idea that it will not show soil, but rather choose a clean, clear cut design in a medium shade. Blues, pinks and blacks on a white background launder nicely. Browns usually run and never look well after the first tubbing.

The pattern for this one piece apron is cut in four sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. For a 36 inch bust it requires 4½ yards of material 27 inches wide or 3½ yards 36 inches wide.

Any reader of this paper who desires to secure this pattern may do so by sending 10 cents to this office. Give the number, 3751, and write the full name and address plainly. The pattern will reach you by mail within a few days of the receipt of the order.



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There is Only One

"Bromo Quinine"

That is

Laxative Bromo Quinine

USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c.

W. H. Green

ANARCHISTS
ROB BISHOPPass Guards Disguised as
Governor and Staff

GET AWAY WITH \$15,000

Written Demand for Tribute Received Some Days Ago by Podolia, Specifying Date When Embassy Would Call.

Odessa, Jan. 22.—Some days ago Archbishop of Podolia received a letter signed: "District Committee Anarchists and Communists." It demanded a tribute of 20,000 rubles (\$10,000), specifying a date when "a duly accredited emissary" would call and collect the money.

The letter was reported to the governor of the province who furnished a guard for the archbishop, consisting of 10 soldiers under command of a non-commissioned officer.

On the date specified in the letter the officer reported that the Governor himself, attended by an adjutant and secretary, had driven up to the archiepiscopal palace. The guard saluted by presenting arms and the Governor alighted and entered the palace.

Half an hour later the distinguished party departed. Another half hour passed and the officer entered the palace. There he found the archbishop, bound and gagged, sitting in an armchair in his private cabinet. His chaplain and the servants were found locked in the library, and also gagged.

The "Anarchists and communists" perfectly disguised had kept their appointment and had carried off 28,000 rubles and 6,000 rubles worth of valuables.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

The prominence of velvet is very marked for street and fancy dresses alike.

In all of the tailored and semitailored suits the novelty note is conspicuous, and indications point very strongly to a continuance of this feature in the coming spring designs.

Dark colors are very much more in order this season than light, and particularly is this true of the velvet costumes, all of the more exclusive of which are, if not black, then some one of the rich dark shades, with braiding done always in self tone.

For formal wear velvet costumes in one piece are the rule, although, like the pretty semiprincess gowns of last summer, the two parts may be joined with passementerie or band trimming. The princess style and velvet have always been most congenial, and the princess is still the most effective mode for it.—New York Post.

NEW YORK CITY.

One-fourth of the population of New York city is of native stock.

New York city has more children under one year old than Wyoming has entire population.

New York city's expenses are increasing in a greater proportion than its population. Ten years ago the yearly expenses were \$21 for each inhabitant, and now they are \$33 for each man, woman and child.

No part of New York city has such a marked weekly change in population as that section of Manhattan Island below Wall street. For six days in the week it has an average population of 60,000 persons, and on Sundays it is reduced to 2,600.—New York Herald.

Tales They Tell.

Henry Twelo, Jr., of Greenock, Pa., aged three and a half years, has been smoking pipes and stogies for more than a year.

Patrick McGlennahan while drunk surprised Judge Johnson at Media, Pa., by walking into his court and taking a seat by his side on the bench.

George F. Allen of St. Louis told a magistrate that he picked the pocket of Sidney J. Rice, his friend, to prevent him from being robbed by another man.

Armor Beats Guns.

The excellence of British shooting was exemplified by a performance done by the armored cruiser Duke of Edinburgh. With her guns directed from the fire control positions she made hits at 13,000 yards, or seven and a half miles. The battleships Hibernia and Dominica fired armor piercing projectiles from their big guns, but they failed to pierce the armored portion of the Hero. The experiments have thus confirmed the results observed in the Russo-Japanese war and shown that at the present time a battleship's armor is capable of resisting projectiles at all practical ranges.—London Mail.

Saving Time in the Barber's Chair.

The busy man will not have to waste much time getting spruced up in the barber chair these days. One of the innovations of a tonsorior parlor here in the individual telephone, which is attached to each chair. The man who is pressed for time can lie in the chair and dictate a letter to his stenographer while the barber is shaving or performing on his shoes and the manicurist is taking some real estate off his hands. Some one ought to come along now with a tabloid breakfast food to complete the tonsorior outfit.—New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Before he had finished the doctor had advanced and taken her in his arms. When he had concluded, Camilla pondered awhile, then, looking up with a smile and a twinkle, said: "You've turned the ladder upside down, and I'm on the top round."

JAQUELINE EASTWOOD.

Breaking Her In.

Geraldine—I want you to understand before I marry you that I believe in the equality of the sexes. Gerald—All right. I was intending to give the minister two guineas, so you'd better hand over one.—Illustrated Bits.

THE TOP ROUND
OF THE LADDER.

(Original.)
Camilla Deming was a country girl who went to the city to join in the literary scramble. Ambitious and possessing some means, she intended to eschew the drudgery of editorial work and strike at once into authorship. But one man in her native village was sufficiently intellectual to secure her friendship, Curtis Forster, a young physician who had studied his profession in town and returned to practice in the country. He was plodding and practical. He strongly advised her to choose a role offering greater chances of success, that of wife and mother, with himself for the husband, and when she refused begged her if she were unsuccessful to consider the offer still open.

She had met with some success by writing stories for the country papers and began in her new field with others more finished. It is true, but the same simple work that had so pleased her neighbors. Occasionally she would dispose of one of them to a magazine, but at the end of a year after figuring up her net proceeds she had gained but a twentieth of her expenditures.

She had brought with her from the country a bit of editorial work, which had remained in the bottom of her trunk. Feeling that she should make an effort to add something to her income for the next year even if it were not by her chosen creative work, she took out this manuscript, smoothed the rumpled pages and looked it over. It consisted of a series of selections from the most affecting scenes in the works of Washington Irving, to each of which she had written a brief introduction, admirably imitating the author's style.

It was accepted, and the book made a hit. The author's income for the year from this source was equal to her expenditures. Her publisher suggested the writing of another similar book made up of extracts from the humor of a noted author.

The publisher's suggestion was accompanied by so handsome an offer that she accepted. The second book was more popular than the first and the proceeds derived many times larger. Then commenced a scramble among publishers for the works of Camilla Deming. Success is gratifying in any form, and the young author was very much delighted with hers. She did not now consider her work simply editorial. At any rate, she saw in it an opening for her own creations.

She had long had on hand a novel which from time to time she had submitted to publishers, then revised and submitted again, always with the same result—"Unavailable." Selecting one of a dozen publishers who were now hounding her for her work, she placed it in his hands, and it was published immediately.

About this time she received a note from Dr. Forster congratulating her on her progress. She replied in a vein of exaltation, giving with charming naivete the remark of her last publisher, "You will soon be at the top of the ladder if you don't marry."

Forster replied, "Marry and turn the ladder upside down."

The novel was a success. Though not as successful as the two previous books, still it sold well. Camilla waited before entering upon any new work till this fact had been established, then went to her publisher for a conference. He told her that there was a demand for a work like her previous ones and suggested that she take up Thackeray and extract scenes as she had done with Irving.

Somewhat the advice fell on Camilla like a wet blanket. She was at a turning point in her career. What should she do? She felt the need of some one in whom she had confidence to assist her in seeing the problem in its true light. Packing her belongings, she took a train for home. Arriving there, she sent for Dr. Forster, stated her case and asked his advice. He took a copy of each of her three books and promised to see her when he had carefully read them. In a few days he called upon her with his report, which she well knew would be the plain, unvarnished truth:

"The sale of your first two books was based on the genius of another. Publishers, in order to secure that which they were sure of selling, so flattered you that they partly convinced you that your success was largely due to your own effort. Your novel is pleasing, but not a work of genius."

Camilla drew a long sigh—the sigh of one bitterly disappointed.

"Camilla," the doctor went on, "what is this you lament—that you are not pre-eminent in creating imaginary beings who are intended to move before us like real people, enact their triumphs and weep at their failures? It is a noble field, I admit, a field in which there have been but few real masters, but there is a nobler one. In it the characters are real and come from the great Creator. It is a field into which I would myself gladly enter if you would consent to enter it with me. If you will abandon the fictitious and take up the real, your characters will be a husband who adores you and children whose being is not the fanciful emanation of your brain, but a part of yourself. The scene of your romance will be a real home; the hopes, fears, success, failures of your story those of an actual united family."

Before he had finished the doctor had advanced and taken her in his arms. When he had concluded, Camilla pondered awhile, then, looking up with a smile and a twinkle, said: "You've turned the ladder upside down, and I'm on the top round."

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